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"ALL SOULS ARE MINE."

A NEW YEAR'S SERMON, BY REV. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

EZEKIEL XVIII. 4: "Behold, all souls are mine."

WHAT an illusion is that in which often a man exists, and in which often he boasts himself, as though there were over him no authority and no constraining influence! "I am my own. I am of no party. I own to no authority. Authority has done nothing for me, and I owe it nothing anywhere. I have made my own fortune, my own mind. I am a self-made man. I am my own, altogether my own." And to such a person the answer is ever so simple: "The very words you speak, are they of your own inventing? or rather are they not words of long ago, — words of your learning, — language derived to you from the forests of Saxony, from within side the walls of ancient Rome, from the market-place of Athens, and indeed from the manner in which Adam and Eve talked together, even before the birth of their eldest-born? The truths of astronomy, are they of your own discovery? The arts by which your life is made pleasant, are they of your own inventing? Your own, altogether your own? Ah, if there were taken from you every thing but that, you would be no better than a dumb savage, hiding yourself in a cave!" We belong to society by every word of our tongues, every thought of our minds, and every thread of our garments.

So largely do we belong to society, and perhaps almost without our ever having known it.

And we belong to the government, perhaps almost without our being conscious of its existence. "The government! I have nothing to do with it; and it has nothing to do with me." And with no government to care for you, how long would you be safe in person or property? With a bad government, would not you certainly feel yourself belonging to it, even against your wishes, by the oppressions you would suffer? And do you then the less belong to a government, because of its being good, and not oppressive? Not belong to a government! Ah! you walk the streets, protected by a shield which you do not see: you are safe in your home at night, not so much by the bolt on the door, as by the invisible presence of law, which is round the house to guard it. In your manner of thinking, in your free conversation with your friends, in your innermost feelings and in your outward life, and even in the tone of your voice, there is the proof and the influence of the government you belong to.

Of the constraining influences upon us, often the greatest are those of which we are least conscious. And of where we chiefly belong to, often we have the least feeling; for says God, "Behold, all souls are mine."

Your limbs may be your own, to use them as you will, your hands to mould things to your purposes, and your feet to carry you about; your eyes may be your own, to open or shut at your inclination; but your souls — says God, "Behold, all souls are mine."

But your bodies, are even they so wholly and entirely your own? Do not they belong to the elements and the four seasons? Are they not in close affinity with the atmosphere, warm and healthy, cold and sickly, with it? Do they not belong to electrical and other laws; and some of which are so subtle as not yet to have been discovered? The law of gravitation — do not your bodies belong to that? For only let that law cease to affect a man, and then, in one minute, the earth would be swept from beneath him, and he would remain suspended breathless, in utter darkness and empty space. Oh, no! not even our bodies are all our own, but belong to laws which are none the less real or almighty, for our being unmindful of them, and even ignorant. Ah! then, God, by whom all men live, and by whom socially they are to

one another what they are, — God, from whom the laws of nature have their force, and who himself owns those very laws, that have such a hold upon our bodies, how true those words of his, and how much more widely true perhaps than we at all think, "Behold, all souls are mine"!

Oh the peace and the light of these words! and oh the newness of life which is in them!

But our own, if we were all our own, if there were no Providence over us, no God with us and awaiting us; were there waiting us, at the last, no ownership higher and diviner than what will find us in the coffin, — the worm and corruption, oh how hopeless our lives would be, how dreary often, how wretched and how worthless in the passing! Our own, all our own, with decay and death and pain and trouble among us — oh the miserable creatures we should be! And oh how strange our lives would be!

Let there be silence as to God's owning us, and then what would our human life be! It would be a leaf from the middle of a book, without beginning and without end; or rather it would be a leaf torn down the middle, with not one line of meaning. For let it be as though our souls were not owned by God, and did not belong to the Eternal; let it be as though death tore away from them all continuance, and then, oh the unfinished lines of life! how pain and trouble lose their good meaning! how worthless feel the purposes of existence; and the end of it, often how untimely, how unutterably woful!

They die — a child when just at its sweetest — a youth when most he is fit to live — a mother just when she is most needed in her family — a man of genius, just when he was looking most divinely, and had thousands listening to him most attentively. And oh! at the sight of their lifeless forms, at the tears of parents and children and friends, at that fate which strikes down both good and bad alike, and often which strikes down the good mother amidst her children, and lets some worthless neighbor live on, and which lets the fool live on, but strikes down the great man, and with him the hopes, and what might be the wisdom, of an advancing world, — what, oh what should we feel — how, oh how should we think, but that above these dead bodies there is a voice that says so solemnly, — words so simple and so tender, "Behold, all souls are mine."

And at that ownership so high and so condescending, how

cease all our little claims, one upon another! That voice from heaven, as soon as grief lets us hear it, — that heavenly voice once heard, how, with the sound of it, our sobs and cries and complaints are hushed! "Thine, Lord! Oh! then, take them; because for me to be a loser to thee to-day is to be a gainer with the Eternal for ever. In the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. And with any thing of thine, Lord, my believing soul is comforted, whether it be thy rod to chasten me, or thy staff for my weakness to lean upon."

And in the soul grown submissive with the voice of God, oh what sweet thoughts and heavenly hopes arise!

A child dies; but, by its withdrawal, the parents are not left with an endless grief, with an unappeasable sense of loss, with a little voice ringing in their ears, and paining them with memories only distressing. Oh no! because from their own fondness for their vanished child, from the passion and intense affection with which they called it their own, they come faintly to conjecture the fondness more than a mother's, the affection more than a father's, which there must be in the words of the Father in heaven, when he says, "Behold, all souls are mine."

A youth dies; he disappears from the world, just as he is fit for its work. His friends have taught him how to think and feel and live aright; they hope so much from him, such achievements, such happiness, such sweet companionship, such a renewal of the freshness of their own lives. Such a bright, high course in life, they think he will take! But suddenly he is dead, — he that was to act so well, to speak so wisely, and to be such a comfort to his friends in their shortening years. But his friends — do they feel only as though life were deceptive, and all hopes illusive? In his death, are they left only to feel themselves growing distrustful of happiness, and doubtful as to whether the world is well and wisely ruled? Oh, no! But rather they feel how it is fittest to believe their lost friend living on, because of his having vanished when he was most fit to live. That God makes the broken purposes of this life, lost in shadow here, run on to perfection in the daylight which is everlasting, — that there is some Divine use in the arrangement by which souls are caught up at the threshold of this present world, and are placed at once inside the gates of the next, — that there is some special design, for which souls are called away to enter on the mysteries of heaven, with their virgin powers unwearied and untried, — that there is

some peculiar destiny for those who go hence with the dew of their youth; at the death of the young and promising, such as these are the thoughts which rise in the mind of the believer, as, turning to God, he hears him say, "Behold, all souls are mine."

A mother dies. Around her death-bed stand her children. They look to her, they cling to her. But, at last, it is only a dead body which they hold. From under the intelligent eye and the smile on the cheek, it is vanished, — the soul that loved them. Children, with only a mother's empty chair to stand about, — orphans, with no bosom where to lay their heads, and weep and talk — a sad sight! And oh mournful prospect — children, who are to grow up without a mother's watchful eye, and who are to learn wisdom in other than a mother's gentle tones! But hark! that voice, more sacred than a mother's, infinitely more, and oh, if we only heard it aright, more tender too, — "Behold, all souls are mine." Those words! with the sound of them, we look up on high, instead of standing blind with grief, or staring at one another helplessly. And oh, with looking up in the direction of those heavenly words, there comes light for our darkness; and we are able to discern faintly how the saddest bereavement may become a spiritual blessing; and how a chair may be empty of its dear occupant, only to become like the holy of holies, awful with the mystery and the majesty and the love of God, — a place whence, day and night, his voice is heard, saying, "Behold, all souls are mine."

A wise man dies, — some man of genius. Towards him, from all around, souls turn for truth; and, by sympathy with him, multitudes of men are conscious of another life than that of the hands and tongue; a life of thought and feeling, a life ever so little, but which yet feels fraught with the infinite. With his death, it would seem as though this life of the soul were an illusion, or, at best, was something as frail as consumption, or as mortal as fever; only for that voice of God, which reassures us. And with the sound of that voice, how faith strengthens! Yes, and it is so; and all the nobler is the spirit which the dying man gives up, all the more confidently do we seem to hear those words from on high, — the words as though of one well pleased — the High and Lofty One, — "Behold, all souls are mine."

All souls thine! Ah then, not the souls of the departed only, but ours also. Ours are thine; not simply are to be, but now

already are. Oh that we felt this ! For oh, without God would have owned us in our meanness, and but for his infinite condescension to our unworthiness, what hope ever could we have of being his ? For never, never could we become worthy of God by efforts of our own, by any scheme of life we could invent for ourselves, by any ways of thinking we could elaborate for ourselves, by any feelings which would rise of themselves out of our corrupt hearts.

Ah, no ! We are God's, because of what God is, and not because of any thing which ourselves we are ; because of his having owned us, before we were either good or bad, before our birth, and even from before Adam. We are God's, because of that Divine love which yearned for us while we were yet unborn, which wanted us and craved us, and therefore created us.

Oh the strange, unfathomable mystery of the Divine love ! that God did not remain alone with his infinitudes, and could not ! but that he must have creatures to care for, objects for his providence, beings for his pity and love and help ; creatures which should look to him, and pray to him, which should live in his world, and be surrounded by his influence, and so which should grow into his likeness ; and of whom he should say in affection so strange, because so pure, and so incomprehensible, because of its being infinite, — " Behold, all souls are mine."

Oh that we could believe that ; "believe it, not with the head only, that is convinced of it, but also with the heart that feels it !

God creating us, that himself he might not be alone, — God yearning over us with a love we so faintly believe in, only because of our being so little worthy of it, — God waiting for us to love him or to hate him at our own wills, in which, so grandly for us, he has made us free ! Oh with this God to believe in, what a heavenly walk in life duty becomes ; what a holy companionship sorrow becomes, — the company of an angel, serene and solemn ; and what a sweet, attractive exercise of the soul prayer becomes, — the soul delighting in God, and feeling God Almighty delighting in her ! and what a beautiful, real, blessed presence about us our dead friends become !

Though death doth raise his veil between,
Yet Thee in them, and them in Thee,
We solemnize awhile unseen,
And soon the cleansed sight shall see.

THOUGHTS AT A BAPTISM.

WE offer some thoughts suggested by witnessing a Baptism. To us it is a ceremony of unfailing interest. We never can look upon it without glistening eyes and a more quickly beating heart. Our own religious life glows with awakened fervor through its sympathies with the new disciples, and our spirits are elevated, sharing the prayers and aspirations put forth in their behalf.

In the present case it was the sight of the *young* believers, now gathered into the fold of Jesus, that deeply moved us. There was in it occasion for so much gratitude and hope. There seemed to be such a fitness about it. It was so right and proper they should bring this morning sacrifice to their heavenly Father; that, while the dew of youth was yet fresh upon them, and the flush of health and happiness was theirs, they should make of them an offering to their God. Not for them are the haunting memories that cast a shadow over the coming of those of later years. Not for them the remorse for a wasted, misspent, selfish, sinful life, bringing, as it were, the dregs of that life to the Giver. They know that, little as that offering may be worth, he will not refuse to accept it; but can the true heart ever forgive itself, for all that it might have been, and was not, and perhaps never can be?

The young have come to that altar to save them from all this. Taking "the shield of faith," their coming was a confession that they were not sufficient unto themselves; that they needed a Saviour to guide their steps, and keep them from stumbling and falling in the journey of life. Is it not cause for rejoicing that they are blest, in seeing the danger and hatefulness of sin thus early, that they may escape its sting and stain? They have exchanged the self-confidence of youth for a surer confidence in Jesus.

Deeply interesting is the mingling of hope and distrustfulness in the heart of the young Christian. Who would not pray they might always keep so? The hope that youth gives, that believes it will succeed because it longs to so heartily; the timidity and distrustfulness that come from the sense of weakness and unworthiness; and the enthusiasm, the earnestness, and resolution

and unworldliness of those early hours of Christian life, — who that has witnessed and shared them, but has longed that they might never be otherwise? For they are hours of happiness to which many look longingly back, when worldliness has chilled the enthusiasm, and care and disappointment cooled the fervor, of our inner life. The words of Cowper must often be on the lips of the way-worn Christian, —

“Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?”

But even in this there is hope for the believer that the mere worldling cannot know. When weary and heart-sick, there is a place for us to go. Going back to the fold from which we have wandered, is easier than late and worn to seek the way to it.

And what an idea of safety and protection the words “fold of Jesus” suggest to us! The discipline of life must be easier and safer for those who have reached that fold early. They have voluntarily chosen whom they would serve, while the choice was left to them; and Jesus has promised that “whosoever should come unto him, he would in no wise cast out.” They have placed their hands into those of their heavenly Father, and we do not believe he ever lets them go. It seems to us that there is a sense in which the Catholic faith is true, — the faith that no baptized soul can be lost, when applied to those who come voluntarily. And so, too, in the doctrines of election and perseverance. That many go astray, cannot alter the feeling of the greater safety in coming; for we do not know with how many the remembrance of the baptismal vow, the recurrence of the rite of communion, has helped to resist temptation, has brought back from wanderings in the ways of sin, has perhaps saved from crime. Nor do we know how much it may weigh with our righteous Judge, the fact, that the soul so defaced and sin-polluted, once did bring to it “the answer of a good conscience.”

The experience of life must have a different aspect to those who have taken Jesus for their guide. It must at once solemnize, deepen, and brighten it. Every joy must his sympathy hallow, every sorrow sanctify, every trial purify. There may be grief, but no gloom; there may be disappointment, but not despair; there may be tears of penitence and shame for all the backslidings and shortcomings, but Jesus is there to comfort the mourning

heart, and lift it up, and bid it struggle on. It is surely cause for thankfulness when the young "have put on the whole armor of God, that they may be able to withstand in the evil day."

And in sight of evil days that may come, in the thought of all the grief that comes from "falling away," the grief that comes from coldness and deadness of heart, the grief that comes when we yield to temptation and sin, in the thought of all that weariness and strife, how do we long to save every young heart from a like experience, by whispering to it the spell that will protect it therefrom! That spell is faithful, daily, earnest prayer. If we would that the altar-fires should not go out, we must watch them constantly and feed them carefully. We read that the wandering Israelites could not gather manna "but for one day at a time;" so must it be with the refreshment our souls draw from the pure fount of God, — and Christ teaches us to pray, "Give us *this day* our daily bread." If the young heart would resist every temptation to a neglect of this duty, its life would be safe; for the grace of God would surely be an answer to its fidelity, giving a wisdom that would lead securely. How sad that we call that a *duty* which should be ever a glorious privilege and delight, — to commune with God and Jesus, to lay our hearts open to them, who can have mercy and help their weakness, who can understand us so much more truly than our nearest earthly friend! To whom should we go, when happy, if not to them? to whom, when sorrowful and cast down; to whom, when in temptation, perplexity, and doubt, if not to our Master; who, in that he "hath suffered, being tempted, is able to succor them that are tempted;" if not to our Father, who is willing and able to give us more abundantly than we can ask or think?"

Let the young Christians be persuaded never to let any device or temptation make them neglect their daily secret prayer. No occupation can be lawful, no indulgence or pleasure innocent, that shall encroach upon that one thing; no temper or frame of mind allowed, that cannot "be prayed over."

"And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more."

Let them not fancy that *doing* good or being good is prayer. God does not want your works. He wants your heart, your soul, your affections. And he has not those, if you never *seek* his

presence. We oftentimes smile at the prayers of little children, at the simplicity of their petitions. It would be well with us, if we could be made partakers of that simplicity. Our hearts would be purer and brighter, and our lives more acceptable. It would seem almost needless to add, that unquestioning obedience to Jesus, through whom our Father speaks to us, must follow prayer. Every action and emotion must be governed by the law of Christ. When the disciples of Jesus pray for truth and earnestness and the spirit of sacrifice, let their lives prove the sincerity of their prayer. When they ask for simplicity and singleness, let them walk as becometh the *children* of God. And thus, by prayer and obedience, they "all come unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

We have all read with delight the account of the walk to Emmaus; Jesus and his disciples; — "though their eyes were holden that they should not know him." Have we not wished that he could be by our side? And yet we have a promise greater even than that longing includes; for Jesus said, "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." Does not such condescension deserve that every Christian should strive earnestly, that his heart be a temple, "*fit* for the indwelling God"? E.

M E M O R I E S.

FROM THE GERMAN.

As calmest waters mirror heaven the best,
So best befit remembrances of thee
Calm, holy hours, from earthly passion free,
Sweet twilight musing, sabbaths in the breast.

No stooping thought, nor any grovelling care,
The sacred whiteness of that place shall stain,
Where, far from heartless joys and rites profane,
Memory has reared to thee an altar fair.

Yet frequent visitors shall kiss the shrine,
And ever keep its vestal lamp alight;
All noble thoughts, — all dreams divinely bright,
That waken or delight this soul of mine. F.

THE MARTYRDOM OF HUSS.

MANY of the readers of the "Monthly" have seen the picture by Lessing, in the Düsseldorf Gallery, representing the execution of the Bohemian martyr. Even these, however, may not be unwilling to visit it again in thought, and to dwell upon the historical facts connected with the event it commemorates.

On a rising ground, a little to the left of the picture's centre, stands the trunk of a blasted tree, around which fagots are gathered; while two men, one with a lighted torch, the other with a coil of ropes, stand before it in attitudes of stern expectation.

A short way from them, a black-robed figure has knelt in prayer, on his approach to the fatal spot. His form is attenuated, as historians describe that of Huss to have been; and his noble countenance raised to heaven, full of faith and courage. Immediately behind him, a strong, rude man is about to replace upon the martyr's head a paper cap, which had fallen from it, painted with figures of exulting fiends, and bearing the inscription, "Erzketzer," or Arch-heretic. Other guards of the lowest class, and with various expressions of contempt, vulgar curiosity, and eagerness for a scene of torture, fill up the rear.

On the right, upon a lower level, are persecutors more distinguished. The foremost, on horseback, is evidently a secular noble of no common dignity; and the one with whom he is carelessly conversing, as evidently a prelate of the church. A rough but knightly soldier follows on horseback, with a banner, whose colors we recognize as the same with those embroidered on the leader's vesture; and a swarthy face, surmounted by a scarlet hat, indicates the presence of an Italian cardinal. Between the two foremost of these figures, a monk has eagerly pressed to gaze upon the victim.

On the left, below the hill where the preparations for execution have been made, stand a very different group. Here are young maidens, praying for the sufferer, or looking with deep sympathy upon him, — a knight kneeling in prayer, — a monk bending his head in deep dejection, — a peasant with shaggy hair, closely grasping his heavy staff, and frowning fiercely at the approaching persecutors. With these are intermingled others of the lower

and middle classes, with features expressive of curiosity or sympathy.

The emotions exhibited by the spectators are, however, not those of the wild and stormy kind. The bloody deed is not yet consummated. We can conceive that the passions now partially repressed will soon burst forth in mournful shrieks from those females, in stern if low-breathed vows of vengeance from that dark peasant, and in bold denunciation of the wrong from that kneeling noble. But, for the present, expectation, awe, and the divine patience on the martyr's brow, restrain the multitude.

We find in the remarks with which the printed catalogue of the Exhibition is crowded, proof that other eyes have seen more than we can see in the countenances of some of the spectators. But, disputing not the judgment of those probably better qualified to decide in such a matter, we are content to admire the great painting, not only as a worthy tribute to the memory of a holy man, but as a monument of the power of a true soul, aided by Christian faith, to triumph over suffering, shame, and death.

The event here represented took place in 1415, about a century before the commencement of the Reformation by the efforts of Luther. The Roman Catholic church, which at that time embraced the whole of Western Europe, had, even in the judgment of its firmest supporters, become corrupted to a very great extent. Not only was there a generally admitted decline in morals, but the church was rent by internal feuds. For thirty-seven years there had been two, and during a part of that time three, rival claimants of the papal throne, dividing the spiritual allegiance of the Christian nations. Meantime the age was rapidly advancing in intelligence. Books were still multiplied, indeed, by the laborious method of copying with the pen; but the increasing demand for them resulted, only twenty years later, in the invention of printing. The complaints of the state of the church, the divided papacy, and the corruption in high places, had become universal, and action was absolutely necessary. Councils accordingly were assembled, including a representation of the whole church, first at Pisa, and afterwards at Constance. By their authority, the various rival popes were deposed, a new one elected, and some measures, though far short of what was needful, were taken for the removal of existing corruptions.

But sometimes it appears as if none were so bitter as reformers

themselves against those who desire to carry reform to still greater length. Thus it was that the Council of Constance, engaged in the task of remedying the evils that existed in the church, persecuted to the death those whose views of the needed amendment went beyond their own. The opinions which the council thus sought to put down by the strong hand had been advanced some time before, by Wickliffe, in England, who had anticipated in a great degree the reformation which Luther afterwards affected. From England, the writings and the opinions of Wickliffe had passed into Bohemia, the more readily as there was then frequent intercourse between the countries, in consequence of the marriage of the English king, Richard II. with a Bohemia princess. John of Hussinetz, or John Huss, a Bohemian priest distinguished for learning, eloquence, and a blameless life, became a zealous follower of Wickliffe. He declared from his pulpit in Prague, that it was his hope, when he should die, to follow where the soul of Wickliffe had gone, well assured that it must be to heavenly bliss. The Council of Constance, reformers as they were, were little disposed to tolerate one who preached against church dignities and the payment of tithes. Huss was summoned to appear before them. He was provided with a safe conduct from the Emperor Sigismund, the protector of the council, and who himself presided at its deliberations. The reformer came, but was almost immediately seized and imprisoned. He was several times brought forth for trial; but the trial was a scene of confusion, where the calm though courageous pleadings of reason and truth were put down by force of numbers and of lungs. At last he was condemned to deprivation of his office, and to be delivered over for death, to the secular arm. Repeated efforts were made to induce him to retract his opinions, but in vain. Though worn with sickness and confinement, he bore up nobly against the suggestion of purchasing life by the sacrifice of the truth. He replied to the overtures of the council, that "he was prepared to offer an example in himself of that enduring patience which he had so frequently preached to others, and which he relied on the grace of God to grant him." He was informed that his books had been ordered by the council to be burnt; but he remarked that this was no ground of despondency, since the same indignity had been offered to the prophet Jeremiah. (Jer. xxxvi. 23.)

On the eve of the day appointed for his execution, he was again appealed to by messengers from the emperor, but was still immovable. He had a friend, a Bohemian nobleman named John of Chlum, who had attended him through all his trials, and had endeavored by all means to save him. Now, as this faithful friend was allowed a parting interview, he said to the reformer, "My dear master, I am unlettered, and consequently unfit to counsel one so enlightened as you. Nevertheless, if you are secretly conscious of any one of those errors which have been publicly imputed to you, I entreat you not to feel any shame in retracting it; but if, on the contrary, you are convinced of your innocence, I am so far from advising you to say any thing against your conscience, that I exhort you rather to endure every form of torture, rather than to renounce any thing which you hold to be true." Huss replied with tears, "that God was his witness, how ready he had ever been, and still was, to retract on oath, and with his whole heart, from the moment he should be convicted of any error by evidence from Holy Scripture."

On the sixth of July, 1415, Huss was brought before the council to receive his sentence. He was stripped of his priestly vestments, and with other ceremonies deprived of his clerical office, devoted to perdition, and given over to the secular power. The Emperor Sigismund, who had previously given to Huss an assurance of safe-conduct, now, in violation of his word, commanded his execution, the charge of which he committed to the duke of Bavaria. This personage is the one represented in the picture, as in command on the occasion.

On his way to the stake, Huss repeated prayers and psalms. We have met with the incident, though unable to refer to our authority, that, seeing a peasant eagerly bringing faggots to the stake, he observed him steadily for some moments, and exclaimed, "Sancta simplicitas!" "Holy simplicity!" The expression was worthy of a follower of him who prayed, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

When the order was given to kindle the pile, he only uttered the words, "Lord Jesus, I endure with humility this cruel death for thy sake; and I pray thee to pardon all my enemies." He continued in devotion, until the flames extinguished at once his voice and his life. His ashes were cast into the lake; but his disciples tore up earth from the spot of his martyrdom, and

treasured it with care and tears. His friend and follower, Jerome of Prague, shared his fate the succeeding year, having retracted through fear of death, but afterwards voluntarily and with penitence withdrawing his retraction. In his last hour he equalled Huss in courage, if not in the unaffected meekness which marked the dying scene of the elder martyr.

As we reflect on the patient endurance of those to whose devotedness we owe the light of Protestant Christianity, may we feel that for us also, even in this age of peace, there are duties of self-sacrifice! We are to conquer the timidity which would restrain us from honoring the cause of Christ; we are to subdue our passions, to overcome temptation; we must hold ourselves prepared meekly to resign our most cherished purposes or possessions, if He who gave us all shall require the surrender. S. G. B.

A FAMILIAR SPEECH ABOUT THE HOME TRAINING
OF CHILDREN, — TO THOSE WHO ARE CONCERNED
IN IT.

BY THE EDITOR.

I HAVE been asked to inform you what I have learned thus far, and now hold to be true, respecting the home-training of children. It is an inexhaustible science; and where mutual help and comparison, between all thoughtful parents apprised of the spiritual dignity of the child's discipline, are so much needed, no one, it seems to me, can grudge telling at least the results of his own experience. Experience is doubtless necessary to any profitable handling of the subject; and I will frankly say, that a distrust of the sufficiency of my own is my chief reason for hesitating before complying with this request. And yet, essential as a practical familiarity with the mind and temper of children unquestionably is, there is, I am quite sure, even among Christian parents, a more formidable deficiency than any want of that. The length and breadth of duty in this relation have not remained undiscovered for lack of experience.

No: the chief and fatal defect is a moral indifference to the matter; indifference to it as a study. Parents will not take it

up as the foremost pressing problem they have to solve. They are not ready for patient, persistent, unwearied attention to it. They will not see it to be the supreme interest pertaining to their lot, — a stewardship which, by undertaking the parental relation, they have really assumed the most sacred oath to discharge and account for, before God. Undoubtedly they all desire to have their offspring what are called "good children;" they deprecate filial disgrace; if it could be had without too much trouble, they would like entire filial obedience; they think it a concern worth a few intermittent, spasmodic exertions, in the odd minutes of a day, a few times in a week. But an ever-present, earnest, and solemn study, — including trial after trial, and many failures before signal success, — it is not. Until it is that, wisdom in it cannot be had.

It will not be well to hinder the discussion with elaborate attempts to overcome this insensibility. Is it not enough that your children are immortal; that they are entrusted to you by the Great Fountain and Lord of life, in order that, so far as lies in your utmost power, you may educate them for heaven; that they must encounter you at the everlasting Judgment? Is it not enough that all our social misdirections and disorders run straight back into the lessons of childhood; that our most alarming public perils may be shown to wait their only correction in juster ideas of the ends of life, planted at the beginning of it; that the three grand vices of our civilization, — self-will, ostentation, and sensuality, — find their only counteraction in those three fundamental principles both of the cradle and the church, — subjection, disinterestedness, and self-control, — or faith, love, and purity; that, in a word, the state is built on the family, and human welfare strikes its roots in the human nursery?

Proceeding, directly, then, to the questions that are uppermost in your thoughts, I shall have to treat them in particulars rather than by generals. The speculative method is not wanted. It will be as much as I undertake, if I can so arrange and touch these particulars that they may suggest some larger laws of action, which may be applied and followed in your different places. Should any of my specifications seem too minute or familiar, I will only ask you to reflect whether they may not yet have an exponent value, as representing classes, and so helping to a deduction of the truth.

With only such differences as always separate human actions from God's, domestic discipline should be modelled after the divine. Wanting the infinite resources and attributes, we are yet able to mark the principles by which the heavenly Parent guides his children, and, at our distance, reverently to imitate them. The two powers in this discipline that we are most concerned to understand are sympathy and authority, or love and law. The right wielding and adjusting of these two moral forces, and the absolute dependence of the whole work on religious convictions, will form the three topics, and determine the method, of my remarks.

I. No parent can fulfil the parental office effectually, without establishing a complete confidence on the child's part, and managing to retain it. I mean something more than the mere reliance on a parent's superior strength and knowledge, which is instinctive with children, and is a provision of nature for their outward safety. The confidence I speak of has a spiritual quality; it is begotten by character; it rises into a commensurate grandeur. More goes into the making of it than dependence on one side, and support on the other. The child must feel it a blessed privilege to keep the whole heart open to the parent, holding no sad secrets back; and the parent must teach the child, more by indirect tokens of feeling than by professions, that there is no other repository of that trust so secure, no other ear so willing, no other judgment so candid, appreciating, and fair.

Of course, the basis of this confidence is affection. And you may think that parental love needs no prompting. But, though it may seem superfluous to inculcate what nature has taken under her own bountiful charge, it is not superfluous to say that the natural affection which is so universal, is not to be confounded with the thoughtful and principled affection that creates true confidence. I take the liberty to presume, that very many parents among you do not love your children enough. It takes a love that is wise, deep, far-seeing, and very patient, to invite implicit trust.

It is the love of sympathy. It comes by careful and direct intentions, between two souls, to enter into one another's interior experience. It is more than compassion for bodily pain; more than a uniform defence of another's side in a quarrel or controversy. It implies a quick and tender perception of your child's inward struggles; his wounded sensibility; his discomfitures at

the rude wreck of his little plans, or his sincere grief at the miscarriage of some freight of innocent hopes; or the stormy conflicts often waged in so soft a bosom between pride and submission, or passion and self-command. It is probable that these mimic strifes of young humanity will look very insignificant to your mature eye and busy mind. Remember they are as hard to fight, as momentous, and as big with consequences to the childish reason, as Cesar's wars to him, — and quite as sacred before God. Unless you will think long enough to be persuaded of that; unless you will appreciate the trial in the proportion it bears, not to your endurance, but the child's; unless, in short, you will go into the centre of his spirit and reconnoitre this battle-scene from his post, looking out through his eyes, you will not get his confidence. Your pappings, and soothing tones, and hurried lip-condolences, are not what he chiefly wants. He wants the magic glance, or gesture, or syllable, that reveals to him that he is understood; then you may blame or approve, reward or punish. Only let him have the satisfaction — best balm to all our laboring hearts from infancy to age! — of knowing that his motive was not mistaken, and his inmost intensity of feeling misjudged; then let justice come. If I may use a masculine term to describe a quality of treatment belonging to both sexes alike, the child needs an affection that is *manly*, stimulating his sturdier traits at the moment that it shows the utmost gentleness of pity. In half the instances of juvenile obstinacy, mortification, wounded honor, or some other form of self-vexation, has as much to do with the difficulty as direct rebellion; and this does not need to be aggravated by inconsiderate constructions of facts. Let your sharper analysis be used for the child's advantage. This will be sympathy, according to the Greek meaning of the derivation; a feeling together. Providence meant it to be a source of gracious influences, and an agent of mighty reformations.

Such a sympathy finds many obstructions; and there are helps to cultivating it. Of the obstructions, the principal one manifestly is the difference of age, taste, estimates, and whole mental habit, between child and parent. But superadded to this is another, — the thoughtless neglect in which we let all this separation between us and our children stand undiminished. We will not take pains to go down to their own point of sight. Absorbed in our selfish business, we refuse the time and trouble needed to

weigh their burdens in their own balances. We scorn to look into those early passages of our own childhood, which God stretches out behind every man's feet, that his memory at least may make him mindful of what childhood always is, and so interpret his duty. And hence we commit one of two mischievous mistakes. We either persist in judging our children by our own standard of experience, and so misgovern them; or else, cutting the matter short, we dismiss all their errors with the weak apology that they are nothing but children, and so fail to govern them at all.

What, then, are some of the helps to the cherishing of this confidence? Every thing that ministers peace to their hearts, and wakens their gratitude, helps it. Every intellectual satisfaction you afford them by a clear answer to any honest question they ask, at a proper time, on any subject, large or little, in their own affairs or general ones, provided you can answer it; and if it runs deeper than your information, it will be quite as well to tell them frankly so, as to try for an appearance of omniscience, — transient at best, — by pretending to conceal what you do not know. And if they see, that, to gratify their rightful curiosity, you have condescended from some task of your own, or broken in on some train of revery, so much the better will it answer the purpose, heightening also their respect for all knowledge, through your own. These wonderful wakenings of early thought, — first reachings-forth of the questioning mind to possess its illimitable heritage, — first glimpses of inquiring eyes into the mysterious palace of infinitude, while you hold open the door, — are fibres of God's weaving, to bind wisdom and infancy together, "turning the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers." Then, you win the confidence of children by appreciating their tastes; by not only allowing them entertainments suited to their nature, but by a personal interest, sometimes, in the details of their amusement; by turning aside from your graver business to balance a kite, or finish the toilette of a doll, or help out the device that transforms a row of chairs into a locomotive train, or a strip of pack-thread into an electric telegraph. Many a piece of practical science, too, can be dropped in among these sports, where the enterprise of our civilization is all mimicked; and if you wish to lead in a higher style of recreation, as the progress of years opens the way, substituting intel-

lectual sports for sensual ones, — athletic games for sluggish ones, music for mock-millinery, or gardening for soldier-caps, — you must let your child understand that you have a genial fellow-feeling for his fancies. It is not enough that you furnish play-room and toys, and then turn rigidly away with an unvarying contempt of the pastime: any child is too sharp-sighted to mistake that for sympathy, — to which it bears no more resemblance, in fact, than an alms-giving subscription, for reputation's sake, bears to charity.

Whatever form it takes, the sympathy must be real to secure trust. Children carry eyes in their hearts; and in this heart-learning they are quick discerners of pretension.

II. Proceed, next, from sympathy to authority; from the nurture of confidence to the government of which you have thus laid a support. Love is both the sanctioner and fulfiller of law.

The more I see of child-management in different families, the more certain I am to come back to the one, old, all-comprehending necessity of obedience; uniform obedience; implicit obedience; thorough obedience. There may be some room for novelty in prescribing the methods of securing that obedience; but any innovation on the doctrine of the supreme importance of the thing would be only a denial of the fundamental principle. It is through some neglect or evasion of this strict rule of filial obedience that nine-tenths of the mischiefs and errors in our domestic education are creeping in. If I could stand at the side of every parent among you, from the beginning of your work to the joyful or disastrous end, I believe I should see cause to do little else than repeat to you, hour by hour, "Insist that your children obey."

Here, again: What are some of the main obstacles? One is a postponement of the beginning. Many a moral life has the seeds of ruin planted in it every day, because a false tenderness insists on it, that "the dear little thing" is too young to begin to "mind." The work of final alienation and utter perdition is wrought between many a mother and her infant before she weans him from her bosom. If you ask definitely when you ought to begin to require obedience, a safe answer, I think, will be found to be, — When you begin to give orders; not a moment later. If your baby has lived long enough to catch any dim notion from your speech whatever, then he is old enough to commence finding out

the momentous distinction between "Do this" and "Do it not." Intelligence enough to be talked to is intelligence enough to be talked to consistently; and that is intelligence enough to know, with moral sense enough to feel, however faintly, the everlasting opposition of right and wrong. Ebal and Gerizim are planted at the very opening of the land. Substantially, I suppose, the grand question, whether the word of the parents or the will of the child is to be the ruler of the house, is agitated and settled before the child is two years old. No doubt a multitude of cases afterwards will renew the struggle in certain degrees; but, so soon, there is a practical decision. A discerning eye can see where the mastery lies; and none is better informed than the child. If you are not obeyed from the outset, you have either issued your precepts too early, or required conformity too late.

Another obstacle to effectual discipline is its prevailing uncertainty. If well begun, it is not, of course, well sustained. Do not comfort yourself with making a firm stand now and then, or coming out in your household with an imposing demonstration on occasions. The even hand is what is wanted. Children are wickedly bewildered by such irregularities. Indeed, severities that are only inflicted with intervals of neglect are cruelties: they are aimless and profitless. Your oversights to-day only let the child down on to a level where you punish him for being found to-morrow. To allow a single instance of manifest disobedience, though it should be preceded and followed by a hundred instances of obedience, is to undo in an instant your whole toil. To close a long contest between parental authority and filial obstinacy by a hasty concession of any item in the account, is to weaken all your work, and neutralize your pains.

Hence arises another difficulty, viz. an inconsiderate utterance of the command. It is of as much consequence not to require what you cannot in the nature of the case exact, as to insist on uniform compliance after the requirement is once made. The moment the word has passed your lips, it is too late to reconsider; then obedience is all that remains. So much the more conscientious ought you to be in giving the least and most familiar direction. Demand only what you can get, and what it is right you should get; and do not vitiate your child's morality, as legislatures sometimes do a people's, by promulgating laws whose enforcement is beyond a moral possibility. Look through

to the end, and see if you are certain of time and means to carry out your authority. I have known parents to wrong their child's modesty and delicacy, in the first place, by peremptorily requiring that foolish and unmeaning act, so destructive of all spontaneous feeling, the reluctant kissing of a stranger, or some other piece of mere ostentation; and then, if the childish instinct happened to revolt at the task, there must be either a yielding in a direct issue, or else a scene of mortifying discipline, ineffectual perhaps after all, brought in to throw a dismal chill over the interview; for I can hardly conceive a less hospitable reception of a guest than to entertain him with the wretched altercations that betray a disorderly household. It is bad enough to keep an ungoverned family, without inflicting a foray of them on your visitors; and, if you have not been faithful in teaching your child to obey, your well-meaning friend, on a morning call of civility, ought not to suffer the penalty. For similar reasons, those general orders, — ultra-comprehensive edicts, — such as, "Never do this again as long as you live," "Sit still till I tell you to move," and all of that class, are completely worthless. Your own forgetfulness, if nothing else, will prevent their enforcement. Besides, they are a species of unmeaning generality that insensibly lowers you in the child's esteem.

In this connection occurs a fourth difficulty, — a custom so devoid both of principle and decency, that it is wonderful how it holds its place, — the habit of relating children's foibles or even faults, in their presence, for the entertainment of your company. To me this seems the ghastliest sort of pleasantry; much like holding up a colored drawing of your diseased friend's morbid anatomy for merriment, only guiltier. Nothing is more certain to undermine the energy of your discipline than these promiscuous and trifling discussions. If any parent is so lost to all just shame — saying nothing of the bad breeding it betokens — as to thrust forward for exhibition a child's moral delinquencies; or so obtuse in perception as not to discover in these acts of cunning and craft, which look so venial now, the rank germs of a sure and mournful depravity hereafter; or so callous in every better sensibility as to be able to jest over them in empty levity, — there is small chance left of any thing but a gloomy catastrophe. Never suppose your child too young to understand this. I have seen little children, scarcely out of their cradle, sitting by at such

disgusting recitals, overhearing and drinking in the silly gossip of a mother or father, pieced out, as it often is, with winks and gestures, meant to hide, but really more distinctly revealing, the subject, with a fatal delight; and construing every mention of their artful ways into compliments for their sin. If you often call your children "little rogues" ironically when they really are so, what wonder if they are great rogues when they grow up? There are very few persons wise enough to hear of your children's shortcomings; and, if you must carry them to any ear but your God's, do it with a sadness and awe like the solemnity of prayer.

The last obstacle needing to be named to thorough government, is a want of self-government in the parent. I never address myself to any task of domestic discipline without a secret persuasion that I ought to begin with my own heart; and every attempt to instruct parents in their duty to their offspring might well be turned into a lecture on their regulation of their own passions. He must have had a very fortunate or a very superficial experience that has not sometimes stood appalled at a comparison between the sins he corrects in his offspring, and those he tolerates in himself. That self-sacrifice lies at the root of usefulness to others, is one of the great principles of our spiritual economy, and the first lesson of the gospel. It is no uncommon thing to hear fathers and mothers sincerely deploring the untractableness of their families, when, if you follow the details, you will find that in every separate trial, under some plea of a want of time, or under some real want of perseverance, it is the parent that has come short. It needs deliberation; it needs thought and study; it needs the whole strength and application of the mind to every trifling case of conflict; it needs self-command; it needs all the resources of character. But it needs no more than lies in the reach of you all; and there is no apology for despair.

A few words belong here on the distinct topic of punishments. It is a rule, without exception, that no punishment should ever be inflicted in passion. The more subtle and deceptive the workings of passion are, of course the more vigilant we shall have to be in guarding them. Defer all chastisement of any kind till you are sure you are free from every taint of anger, and can face yourself in a glass. Do not imagine you can conceal your temper; it will hang out its signal somewhere, in the flush of your face or the

intonation of your voice, or the twitch of your hand; or, if not, by some magnetic communication the child will see it. Wait, therefore, till it is completely over; for the punishment inflicted in temper loses all its moral majesty, and, while your tongue is teaching one way, your example teaches more impressively another. What proportion of all our acts of discipline are so wholly dispassionate as to exempt us from the apostle's reproof of "provoking our children to wrath;" are bestowed with a clear, calm, serious, and sad possession of consciousness?

But then, you will say, the danger is that with the subsiding of temper the motives will fail, and in the cool blood of after-thought we shall not bring ourselves to inflict even the deserved penalty at all. For that reason, there must be principle in the punishment. No doubt it is true, unless they punished in a passion, a great many parents would not punish at all. But a sober principle will bring you up even to that unwelcome duty. It will have several advantages. It will secure a just proportion between the offence and the retribution. It will leave room for the correction of possible mistakes in the evidence, — for the rejection of all mixed influences from your own disposition, — pride, as well as anger, — and for that wholesome retraction of a wrong imputation which is one of the most impressive forms of justice, if done with dignity, to the youthful feeling. It will, moreover, afford opportunity for those slow punishments whose salutary severity consists in their putting the wrong-doer upon reflection, and which are more permanent in their effects than the sting of a rod.

On the expediency of any kind of blows, where the opinions of sensible people are divided, it would be presumptuous to dogmatize. A few points, however, seem clear. If other modes of discipline were resorted to early enough, and practised faithfully enough, whipping might probably be dispensed with. It irritates the temper by its nature. Very few people can do it well; that is, with thorough composure and no tinge of vengeance. As we are, it ought to stand in abeyance, probably, as a legitimate last resort, and not be formally or professedly abandoned. It so happens that the most perfectly disciplined families I have seen have been those where castigations were never known. Seclusion, not in the dark, — which fosters superstitions and ugly fears, — but in entire solitude, with no possibility of an evasion, or the kind but

firm withholding of some prized privilege, I have found the forms of punishment most effective, and least open to objection. Unless you can rely on time and patience in yourself, however, sufficient to carry it to any possible extent that may be required, take care not to begin. An exemplary mother in my acquaintance, at a cost of feeling easily conceived, kept her little girl in a retired chamber nearly two days before her obstinacy yielded; but it determined a terrible controversy, and will unquestionably have an everlasting reward.

I believe in governing by actions, many times, rather than by words. Words often weaken the force of a punishment. When the intent and significance are plain, entire silence frequently lends a certain decisiveness and awe which help the memory. Indeed, hosts of children are talked into all sorts of moral debilities. The everlasting drip of fault-finding, — ceaseless repetitions of unimportant precepts, — petty counsels multiplied when the child would far better be left to a little free self-direction, will gradually spoil the vigor of any government. When you speak, speak to a purpose. When you have no purpose that justifies a thorough execution, be still.

There is sometimes a special value in what may be called punishments in kind; as confinement for disobedience in going abroad; physical suffering for cruelty; abstinence for disobedience in eating: only in this last case, there is need of the patience and watchfulness already alluded to, or else the prohibition will get eluded. The culprit will make sly reprisals on the closet, or the tired-out mother selfishly gives up to the importunities of hunger; and an extorted "yes, yes," overthrows all she has done.

A considerate parent will, of course, regard the bodily health of the child; and seeing where an irritable state of the system is likely to disturb the spirit, or substituting exercise in the fresh air for some in-door strain on exhausted nerves, will contrive to avoid the occasions of disobedience, rather than allow it to pass uncorrected when it has occurred.

A much-abused means of good government is approbation. I have already referred to the mischievous consequences of a continual dribble of fault-finding. It is enough to take all resolute spirit out of the young heart. This is particularly liable to happen, after the simple prettiness of infancy is passed, and the medium stage, the awkward transition-period of boyhood and

girlhood, is passing, — that perilous time when so many youths are alienated hopelessly from home, goodness, and heaven. There is infinite cheer in a word or tone of hearty approval; not flattery; not simpering compliment; not indiscriminate praise; but honest, cordial approbation. When he has done a thing rightly, who is not glad to know it? When you see a real struggle in your child's nature, and good triumphs, take a delicate way of recognizing the victory; and let him know that there are fellowships in righteousness as well as in transgression.

Shun all hiring of obedience like a plague; it is not obedience then. Let there be no other than a moral reward for moral effort. There are mercenary influences enough at work about us, without putting virtue itself into the market. If you wish to produce a mean, creeping, cowardly character, bribe your children with trinkets and sugar-plums. It will be as sure to corrupt their souls, as cake and sweetmeats are to prepare the way for dyspepsia and consumption in their bodies. There is no end to that miserable barter, when you have once commenced feeling the conscience. It would be better, in the last result, to err by excess of corporeal chastening.

A part of the discipline of children in the same family is in their relations to one another. What the spirit of that intercourse should be, in my judgment, may be inferred from what has been advanced on other departments of the subject. A frank generosity, — a scrupulous justice, — a sacred politeness, — a Christian preference of the other by each, — these are the traits of household order and beauty. They are learned faster, remember, by patterns than by language. Never encourage informing, nor set brothers and sisters to act as spies on one another; nor, if it is possible to escape it, entertain the mutual complaints they may bring you. It is better that some wrong should occasionally go unrectified, than that baseness should get habituated in their souls.

Let both parents be thoroughly and intelligently agreed as to all methods of discipline, so as to strengthen each other's hands, and confirm each other's decisions. Let them settle all points wherein they differ by themselves. Let there be no appeal from one to the other. Let the children never feel that what one refuses another will grant. Even though judgments may disagree, for government's sake let there be no show of a "house

divided against itself" before the governed. The case of most complicated fatuity I have ever known, in this respect, was when a foolish mother sentenced her son, for some offence, to the penalty of committing to memory a chapter in the Bible; and the father relieved the boy, saving the letter but breaking the spirit, by surreptitiously suggesting to him to take the shortest Psalm!

You will hardly want to be reminded of the varying constitutions and temperaments of children, and how the treatment must be adapted to each one. The study of these differing susceptibilities is the study — the foremost and highest study it ought to be — of your life. There are principles wide and universal enough to cover all particulars; it is some of these I have endeavored to present; and, if they are true, they will be of more worth than any specific maxims.

After all that has been said, nothing needs to be added regarding the solemnity — the fearful and august solemnity — of this great task of parental discipline. So let it be treated. So let it be spoken of, wherever it is spoken of at all, between man and woman, — as a sober and tender interest, — as a profound concern of the spirit, of the commonwealth, and of the church; never with flippant levity or unprincipled contempt. So let it be borne often and reverently, — for the sake of the imperishable souls whose welfare is bound up in it, — to the secret place of prayer, — to the God of all wisdom and mercy. He answers no cry more compassionately than the cry of Christian fathers and Christian mothers, imploring light to guide them in rearing their offspring for life eternal.

III. The design of this discussion is not to exhibit, in direct terms, the offices of Christian faith in the home-training of children. That is a separate topic. All along, as you have seen, my positions have implied the existence of that faith as the foundation and guide of all right domestic culture. Let me only say here, in addition, that every expectation of rearing a family wisely, without an explicit, personal, conscious confession of Christ Jesus in the soul, is sure to be vain. God has laid the foundation; and none but those who build thereon can raise the structure of character. Philosophy is not equal to it; science is not equal to it; industry, refinement, sagacity, are not equal to it. Intelligence, accomplishments, opulence, splendid appointments, will all leave the house unfurnished where there is no prayer. Sooner

or later, the curse and the plague will appear on the walls. Religious veneration is the source of all beautiful subjection. Obedience to God is the sacred teacher of obedience to parents. Those mutual affections are unsound, and those human endearments weak and perishing, which do not run up to heaven, and entwine themselves with the love of the Father, and fasten on the everlasting promises.

Be not among those heathenish parents in a Christian land, who unthankfully "take children from the Creator's hand with no just sense of their immortal value," and refuse to consecrate them, in a pure baptism, to a spiritual renewal and immortal peace. Think not only of the unspeakable satisfactions of present success, and of the possible recompense of a serene old age, but of the honor of contributing another noble life to the commonwealth of humanity, — the joy of greeting an accepted child in the new kingdom of God.

THE WELL-ORDERED HOUSE.

My friend has been two years building a house, in order to surround himself with every convenience and comfort that can possibly be brought within his range. It is just completed, and is pronounced a perfect model. The most exquisite taste is now being displayed in the furniture. He has imported the finest specimens of marble busts, the most antique vases, and some of the rarest specimens of paintings which an Italian artist could bring out on canvas. And when the whole shall be completed, he intends to invite a numerous party of friends to inspect it; for he is a little vain of the perfect specimen he is thus enabled to exhibit.

Yet, after all, my friend is not a good householder. The splendid out-building which holds his body has furnished him with no suitable apartment, well fitted up, to hold that invisible mind which is still vacant, or filled with a thousand fancies which make him in a constant state of unrest. He therefore walks his splendid halls, and traverses his magnificent drawing-rooms, where the mirrors only reflect his discontented countenance, and the wan,

haggard look of despair. Evidently, he is still in a dilapidated state: the real tenement in which he lives is suffering for want of repairs. There are a thousand vexatious disquietudes, which this outside show does not remove; vacant chambers, which need to be furnished; large spare rooms, that need to be brushed and ventilated, and set in order, for the guests that temporarily reside there.

The poor man, upon whom he has just bestowed his alms, looks somewhat puzzled to interpret that despairing glance he cast towards him: he is at a loss, moreover, to interpret the strange ordering of Providence in these seeming inequalities of condition. That heated house, those luxurious couches, — servants to do his bidding, — plenty of money wherewith to anticipate every want; the poor man queries, "Why does he not look more like a happy man?" He turns away from that massive granite dwelling; and down in yonder alley he carries the dollar just given him, and distributes its avails among a swarm of hungry children with whom he lodges. They are not his own; but the feeling of pity inspired him this morning to beg in his own name for them. The food is procured; and those faces which hunger has made lean and wan, now brighten with gratitude, and they bless the kind old man who was so thoughtful as to give them this bountiful breakfast. This blessing sends a thrill of transport through an infinite number of fibres, which lights up the love in his heart, and makes him the happiest benefactor in the world. They all eat their meal together, and sunshine plays around the board. There is merriment and jocund hilarity; and the youngest climbs his knee, and repeats her little hymn of gratitude.

The rich man took his meal alone. There was a service of silver upon his table; the smoking mocha was distilled for an epicurean taste, yet the flavor was unheeded; the hot roll was scarcely tasted, for he was fast becoming a dyspeptic; and the bit of sirloin was only cut in small atoms from about the centre. He moved away his chair, gave a deep sigh, rang the bell for the removal of his delicacies, and paced his dining-room with a heavy heart. He, too, wondered why he was left a prey to such sad forebodings; why life had lost all its sweetness, and he should thus fall a wreck within his marble palace. Evidently he had taken better care of his outward tenement than of that within. One half the attention paid to regulating his idle fancies, to forgetfulness of

self in some effort to relieve another, together with a cultivation of those social qualities which would gladden his heart, would have made him what he so earnestly desires to be, viz. a happy man.

And so people look on and condemn riches as the bane of personal enjoyment in many cases; as hardening the heart, making people morose and churlish. It is not the mine of gold which necessarily produces this result; but rather, in our efforts to amass it, we so neglect the interior condition of our dwelling, as to be incapable of afterwards enjoying ourselves when most ready to do so.

I have a friend, too, who is not a good housekeeper. Her home is the abode of neatness and precision. A single cobweb could not be found in all her house. She is for ever re-arranging, remodelling, and beautifying her external condition; yet she has great unrest within. A petty vexation, a small anxiety, may so ruffle her feelings, that in that capacious and well-ordered dwelling there shall be no inward peace for the day. Plainly, trifles have acquired such a sway over her feelings, that she is unable to rise above them. You can trace that assumed cheerfulness: beneath it lies a world of harassing thoughts, and a disquietude with which her friends may be familiar; but they can never know its hidden depth. Life to her is all a cloud: there is a painful intensity in living. The enjoyment which her ample means might furnish is rarely felt, simply because she has never removed the cobwebs and dust which have so frightfully accumulated within. Had the mirror which so often reflected her varied apparel but shown her the deformity within; had that small beginning of indulgence in an ill-tempered thought been subdued; had that wayward fancy been subjugated and controlled by reason; in one word, had she sought for strength from above to enable her to combat successfully with these inward foes, undoubtedly she might have become as efficient an interior housekeeper as she is now an outward one.

Alas for us, that we know ourselves so imperfectly! We talk about being "intimately acquainted with our friends;" we analyze their motives, and pass judgment upon their actions; but what in truth do we know of our *own interior life*?" And yet it is this which makes all our world: our whole prosperity centres *here*. There would be much more significance in our inquiring after the prosperity of the soul, than the health of the body. Indeed, the former quite frequently determines the state of the latter. So

that, merely in a selfish view, to become happy and well, it behoves us to regulate our interior dwelling.

Take, for example, the dyspeptic man or woman. You may compound for them all the drugs in the vegetable kingdom; but, with that mind "ill at ease," you can no more effect a cure than you can cause the sun to shine at midnight. Hence physicians so frequently recommend a change of objects as most beneficial, something which removes the moping melancholy of ill-assorted thoughts; in one word, to refurnish our secret apartments, which have become so blackened and shattered. Yet, after all, the mere journey from one continent to another may only be a temporary alleviation of our inward distresses. It may varnish over the unsightly spots; but they will re-appear in coming time, unless a more radical application is made. The truth is, we are tempest-tost; we have lost our chart, and know not our latitude, and we need the efficient aid of more than a *human pilot*. The mind does not receive permanent rest by change of place. Have we not long enough tried the experiment? The spiritual appetite must be fed upon spiritual food. We crave that nutriment, and yet vainly, nay madly, seek to appease our hunger by attention to the mere shell which encases all that is truly ill-conditioned. We build our houses, make our feasts, go out in quest of social intercourse, or shut ourselves in well-stored libraries. Yet watch yourself, my friend, when all these allurements have ceased, and you are alone with yourself. What is the foundation of your future hopes? You have plans for coming time unquestionably; but do they not all take hold of unsubstantial enjoyments? The partial deception may gloss over your real needs for a brief period; but you are a prodigal, and, until you come to *yourself*, no permanent peace awaits you. Empty, then, and sweep your interior dwelling. Place a mirror there which shall faithfully disclose your true character. Regulate the furniture, and keep it in order. Subdue those extravagant fancies which cause your unrest. Keep your thoughts tranquil. Do not postpone this new arrangement whereby your prosperity is secured. Would not the *New Year* be a favorable time to inspect this inner dwelling, and attend to repairing its condition? It is better than any gift which a friend may bestow. It is better than beautifying, by costly presents, your friends' apartments; yet such an inspection shall so reveal the extent of means whereby your generosity

shall be displayed, that every proper token shall be bestowed; for the soul's prosperity never curtails generous impulses, since, in its spacious chambers, it admits every true principle, and hospitably entertains every well-conditioned guest. H. S. E.

THE DYING YEAR.

How fast, O Time! thy feet have sped!
The cottage-clock, the high-hung bell,
When next they strike, shall sound a knell,
Whose lingering echoes sadly tell
The year is dead!

Well may the sky be clad in black,
And stars come out to weep alone!
Even now, before his soul is flown,
Through the bowed elms the wind's low moan
Cries, Coronach.

A hopeless death, a cureless woe!
The naked tree wears leaves again,
The earth's white cheek shall beard with grain,
Ah! never more *his* gentle reign
Shall nature know.

Then, when eternal night shall be
The prison of his pulseless form,
Let howling blast and frantic storm
Their wild, funereal rites perform,
While sobs the sea.

On through the solemn darkness borne,
Unmoved, their chanted grief I hear:
Kind though he was to me, and dear,
Yet for the old and dying year
I cannot mourn.

I loved him well, — his merry days
My life with wealth of beauty fraught,
And many a high and holy thought
The chorus of his seasons taught,
In their sweet maze.

He brought me from the realm above,
That over all so kindly bends,
And unto all its blessing sends,
The precious worth of faithful friends,
And peace and love.

Oh, happy hours of vanished time !
Were ye not dear, and very dear ?
Still dwells your music on my ear,
And still ye spread a summer cheer
O'er winter's rime.

Should I not sadden, then, to know
Of your irrevocable flight,
Ye stars, that, in the thickening night
Of the dead Past, with lessening light,
At distance glow ?

Ah, no ! for, like the bird that springs
More glorious from its ashes cold,
My present joy, with wing more bold,
Soars from the dead delights of old,
And sweeter sings.

What need to me of sigh or tear ?
Grief blinds the eye it idly wets ;
There is no time for weak regrets ;
When my young life its joy forgets,
Then death is near.

Day after day unchanged I see
The sunny smile that Nature wears :
Her gentle peace my spirit shares,
Casts off its burdens and its cares,
Loves and is free.

Can I behold, yet idly grieve,
Morn's revels in her eastern hall ;
The noonday sun that gladdens all,
The loitering twilight's golden fall,
The jewelled eve ?

Nor mine, indeed, the shallow glee
That infants feel among their toys:
The hope an evil hour destroys,
The bliss a breath of pain alloys
 With misery.

No, but a faith that time outflies,
And soars above the waves of doubt;
A tireless hope, a courage stout,
Whose patient bearing can wear out
 Earth's tyrannies.

But most a love that like the sea,
Clasping the whole world to its breast,
Full, boundless, not to be repressed,
And troubled with a sweet unrest,
 Flows over me.

Not all possessed, yet partly mine,
Father of life! for these I pray;
And these have knelt for day by day,
As passed the fickle months away,
 At Nature's shrine.

At thought of every answered prayer,
Old Year! thy memory I bless;
And, sure, I shall not love thee less
For each new treasure I possess
 By thy kind care.

Hark! even now his passing bell
Rings out its twelve strokes to the night:
O Year of beauty and delight!
O Year, with God's own presence bright!
 Farewell! farewell!

He nears me not, — he cannot hear;
Even while I speak, his spirit flies:
Past sign, past speech, stone dead he lies;
Before me gleam the laughing eyes
 Of the New Year. r.

SHADOWS.

I WAS walking the other day with my little boy, who was in a fine, frolicsome mood, when suddenly he let go my hand, and began to hop and skip along in a strange manner; and, when I asked him what he was doing, he said, "I am trying, mamma, to tread on the head of my shadow!" I could not but laugh, though it woke up recollections of my own childhood, when I had attempted the same mad exploit; — when

I strove with most untiring will
By force, by stratagem, by skill,
To conquer its unyielding mood;
But it most slyly did elude
Each cautious tread, each rapid spring,
Each tactic bold and varying.

I thought of grown-up children, who often, in the mad pursuit of wealth or fame or power, strive after the impossible and unattainable. Happy indeed for them if they return cheerfully from the hot chase like my merry little boy,

"True to the kindred points of heaven and home;"

who soon came tripping back to me with a lovely blossom which he had spied in his pathway, saying, "Mamma, did the good Father make *this* flower too?" Queer things are these shadows! Such a burlesque image of one's self.

Now the strange semblance at my side
Spreads forth its odd proportions wide;
Now, with gaunt limbs and giant tread,
I scarce can trace its tiny head.
With childish glee, I laugh to see
Its ever-changing mimicry.
Yet will I win some precious thing
From this absurd imagining,
And thus from every trifle borrow
A shield from each intruding sorrow.

Indulging my shadowy thoughts, I was recalled to the time when, walking by moonlight in my father's garden, I saw what seemed to be an odd figure, just behind me, close to the board

fence. I started and ran; the figure ran also; wearied, I slackened my pace; the figure did likewise; and peace or rest had I none, till I reached the garden gate. A few years after, an anticipated sorrow, which turned out to be no sorrow at all, but a blessing, "a cloud with a silver lining," led me to think of my causeless distress that beautiful moonlight night, and taught me to express myself thus to my shadow: —

I know of old thy lightning pace!
 Hast thou forgot the moonlight chase?
 'Twas near our grape-clad garden wall,
 I saw thy figure gaunt and tall;
 Like timid fawn, I onward sped
 With childhood's light, elastic tread;
 In breathless fear, I turned, and spied
 Thy frightful image by my side.
 Still on I went, with rapid bound;
 An awful stillness reigned around;
 O'ercome with toil, and chilled with fear,
 I lingered in my swift career.
 Thou wert a philosophic foe!
 At once *thy* step grew calm and slow.
 Once more I trod the yielding sod,
 With rapid bound, which spurned the ground;
 Yet the strange phantom by my side
 In mirthful mocking seemed to glide.
 Breathless, I reached the garden gate,
 The big drops trickling from my brow,
 With burning cheek and throbbing breast
 I turned and gazed, — but where wert thou?
 Thou, cunning elf, didst hide thyself,
 With lightning pace, and left no trace
 Of thy unearthly lurking-place!
 Those childish years have passed away;
 But have no *shadows*, gaunt and gray,
 Awed and dismayed my youthful breast,
 Filled me with tremblings and unrest?
 With wondering smile, I now retrace
 The anguish of that moonlight chase.
 What are our earthly sorrows, all,
 Save shadows on a garden-wall?
 The gate of paradise we win;
 They vanish ere we enter in,
 Like "airy nothings" glide away,
 And leave one pure *unshadowed* day!

E. A. T.

RELIGION AND ART.

(Continued from the December Number.)

SOMETHING may be said concerning the kind of pictures appropriate for exhibition in our churches; for on this point it is possible that there will be a difference of opinion. It seems to me that artists have hitherto, in this matter, confined themselves too exclusively to scripture subjects; a choice which has led to a double fault. They have both failed to elevate our conceptions of the scenes and persons of whom they treated, through the sheer impossibility of doing so in this material form; and, by narrowing the field of labor, they have chilled and limited their own genius. I hardly know which error is the greatest; yet the first seems to be the worst. Sometimes I think no artist should paint for us either a Christ or a Madonna. Leave the holy, the brave, the infinite in love and patience, to be the ideal which in our hearts we conceive of him; nor seek, by giving him a visible form and presence, to make less sacred those grand conceptions. I do not believe artist was ever born who could so paint me the agony in the garden, — the face of the friendless Master, — that I should not turn with a feeling of painful disappointment, as if he had profaned his subject. Greater than Raphael or than Angelo should such an "Evangelist of Art" appear: we should make long pilgrimages to look upon his divine creations, as once they did to the Holy Sepulchre.

But apart from these common subjects, which I would have them leave, — some from mere impossibility of success, and others from their very triteness, — there is still wide scope for the genius of our painters. The life of man, with its passions and aspirations, its victories and its defeats, presents a vast field for the true artist. As kings and proud republics have their splendid battle-pieces, so should the church of God have its battle-pieces also. We have seen the "Martyrdom of Huss;" and the general admiration which it excites, joined with a deeper and a nobler sentiment, might suggest to our artists a similar choice of heroes. They should give us scenes of conflict and of triumph from lives of the great captains of the faith, — Luther and Wickliffe and Calvin

and Zwinglius, and those who in later times and with larger light have stood up bravely for the truth. How our Puritanic blood would flow faster through our veins, as we looked on some noble picture of Luther standing before that congress of princes, when he spoke these ringing words so worthy to be remembered by us to-day ! " It is neither safe nor prudent to do any thing against conscience. Here I stand, I cannot otherwise. God help me." Or we would weep sweet tears before milder scenes of love and patience, and the strong faith that endures martyrdoms more severe than those recorded in the church's annals ; virtues that shine forth in the lives of those obscure saints, whose courage and piety have had few witnesses but God. Nor would we disdain those unreal characters, which yet have a more than life-like reality ; but be glad to draw lessons of good from little Nell and little Eva ; from the love and labor of Jeanie Deans, or our own New England Margaret or Phebe.

Nor, though the contests and trials of men are the noblest themes which can occupy the artist, would we have him neglect the great, still, beautiful nature around him. He should reproduce the grandeur of mountain-passes, where an endless sabbath reigns, and he who walks there bows in half-unconscious worship ; the charmed beauty of the sleeping lake, watched by its encircling hills as by jealous giants ; the many moods of the fickle ocean,

" Heaven's ever-changing shadow spread below ; "

the gorgeous woods of autumn, and the sparkling winter's icy delight. We would again be filled with strange longings, sweet and vague, as we watched the sunset burning in the west, and seemed to see the gate of a brighter world opening before us, and alluring us to enter ; or else the majestic presence of the night, with its stars, should calm and check us.

The effect of beautiful and sublime scenery on the religion of a community is always to be plainly traced. The lessons of nature remain longest in the mind ; and I am not sure that they are not the most salutary and remedial. The most distinct remembrance which I have of months of Sundays spent in a certain church is of a little bird who used to come and sing on a bough before one of the windows ; and, in listening to what he taught me, the words of the preacher have slipped from my memory. Every one must be able to recall some hours when the landscape or the

sky showed him the beauty of life, and its everlasting worth, and made him for the time a dutiful child of God. Before some painting which preserves the appearance of nature at such a season, it may well be that the former feeling will again return; and in this way also will teach us. So I would see pictures of this kind, as well as others, in our churches.

But why need I suggest any thing in this way, or venture to give advice to those who already know so much better what should be done? To our artists, and to those who shall hereafter rise among us, when the religious sentiment of the community shall have acknowledged their labors, and called them forth to this end, may be safely left the choice of subjects for their pencil. Their own intuitions will direct them; and, in the service of devotion, we may look for a higher inspiration and a more perfect accomplishment than the world has yet seen.

Would that New England, filled as she is with the reverent feeling which is deeper than all expression, might be first in this new birth of art, and show all the world its connection with religion, and dependence on it!

F.

DEATH OF REV. JOSEPH HARRINGTON.

BY THE EDITOR.

MOST of our readers will already have been apprised of Mr. Harrington's death, which took place at San Francisco, Nov. 2, 1852. The impression it has produced on all sides, even among strangers to him and his parish, has been peculiarly deep and sad. The brilliant opening of his ministry in that great western centre had just been made known throughout the country by the channels of public intelligence. He preached in his new field only a few sabbaths, but long enough to gather the largest congregation of Protestant worshippers on the Pacific shore. Having been personally interested in his selection for that post, and in many of the details of his engagement, we feel his sudden departure as a personal grief, and it is connected with many heavy and distressing associations. We believe there was a combination of gifts and qualities in him that marked him out as singularly fitted for the place. We had a good hope that he would exercise a faithful ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ where it is so much

needed. Under the providential mystery of his removal, nothing is left us but to be still, and confess our weakness, and know that the Lord is God.

Mr. Harrington had been much engaged in missionary labor, and had stood, during the greater part of his professional life, on frontier ground. One of the principal objections he raised against accepting this appointment, when it was urged upon him, was this fact, coupled with his earnest desire to spend the rest of his days in an established society and a settled home. After careful deliberation, however, he yielded to the persuasions of those who thought they were acting for his good, as well as the good of the society entrusted to his charge. He then threw himself, with his characteristic ardor, into the new enterprise. This very zeal to be in the midst of his work tempted him to cross the isthmus at an unhealthy season, and there he probably contracted the seeds of the fever that ended his days. Let us honor his spirit!

In this part of the country, the excellent traits in his character, as well as his fine abilities, were well known and appreciated. Private letters from San Francisco assure us, that he was at once received into a general and enthusiastic confidence and attachment on his arrival there. Unable to publish longer extracts from these communications, we venture to copy a single passage from one of them: "The sickness and last hours of Mr. H. were cheered by all that care and anxious attention could bestow; and he died leaving behind him a host of sympathizing friends. Mrs. H. has found a home, for the present, among us. We have voted her the full year's salary of her husband, which, invested here, will make her comfortable for life." This is only a part of the recent liberality of this energetic parish. In addition to Mr. Harrington's salary of five thousand dollars a year, the parish voted him another thousand for his outfit. Since his arrival there, they have subscribed twenty-six thousand for a church building, which will soon be completed. And now they offer the same salary, to begin immediately, and another outfit of the same amount, for another minister. Such a people deserve success.

The following we take from the *Alta California* of Nov. 4:—

"At the earnest solicitation of the committee of Boston clergymen, to whom the Unitarians of San Francisco had assigned the

selection of their pastor, Mr. Harrington came amongst us, some two months since, and immediately entered upon the duties of his sacred office. How well he has satisfied the hopes and anticipations of all, how acceptably he has walked among us, is sufficiently evident from the sorrow manifested among all classes and denominations of our city. He was emphatically *the man* for the position to which he was called; he was inspired with the spirit of the age and the country; he felt deeply that this congress of the nations and races of men must exert a mighty influence in the great scheme of universal enlightenment; he recognized to its fullest extent the responsibility of his post as a sentinel upon this watch-tower of republicanism and Christianity; he accepted cheerfully all its labors and its cares. A scholar in the fullest sense of the word, and unusually gifted with biblical and classical learning, he had a yet more important knowledge, — the knowledge of the human heart, and of the hidden springs of action which move men in actual, every-day life. Of distinguished talents, devoted to his holy calling, and filled with the spirit of his Master, he had, moreover, a warm, earnest interest in all the great moral, educational, and benevolent movements of the day.

“Thus, while he was versed in all the learning of the schools, he was able, unlike too many of his profession, to approach the heart of every man with the sympathy and encouragement which he needed: he understood how to make his discourse *practically* effective upon the life. He was peculiarly impressed with the importance of individual man, apart from all creeds or associations, and with the necessity of individual effort and piety. In the sacred desk he was deeply impressive and forcible. His discourses satisfied the minds of the most intellectual, and touched the hearts of all hearers.”

I SUPPOSE it never occurs to parents, that to throw vilely educated young people on the world is, independently of the injury to the young people themselves, a positive *crime*, and of very great magnitude; as great, for instance, as burning their neighbor's house, or poisoning the water in his well. In pointing out to them what is wrong, even if they acknowledge the justness of the statement, one cannot make them feel a sense of *guilt*, as in other proved charges. That they *love* their children extenuates to their consciences every parental folly that may at last produce in the children every desperate vice. — *John Foster.*

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA. — No. 21.

Illustrated "Uncle Tom." — A new edition of "Uncle Tom" is to be held a more important fact in literature than the first appearance of any other work. Jewett & Co. have now issued this marvel of genius and success in a handsome octavo, so comforting to the eye, that one cannot help regretting it did not come out before all the world — except possibly a few Fejee Islanders — had read the book through. The capital illustrations, however, designed by Billings, are worth more than the cost of the volume; and if they do not provoke a second perusal of the whole story, will serve to recall its incidents, humor, and pathos, by their significant expression and skilful arrangement. Best of them all are the faces and figures of the Quaker women, with their shrewd meekness, their serene charity, and their quiet, unconquerable will.

The same publishers have prepared for the holidays Rev. Rufus W. Clark's *Heaven, and its Scriptural Emblems*, an ornamented gift-book, of more than usual merit. Its literary contents consist of an introduction, and eleven discourses on topics pertaining to the future life, of a practical and popular cast, with frequent passages of appropriate verse. Five engravings, representing "Christ Raising Lazarus," "The Rainbow around the Throne," "No Night in Heaven," "No more Sea," and "The New Jerusalem," are well executed, and as clear in their import, perhaps, as could be expected from subjects so mystical as most of them attempt to represent. The consolatory offices of this work must especially recommend it to those whose annual festivities are shaded by remembrances of the dead.

From the same house we have received the first two numbers of a treatise, to be completed in five parts, on the *Philosophy of Mysterious Agents, Human and Mundane; or the Dynamic Laws and Relations of Man; embracing the Natural Philosophy of Phenomena styled "Spiritual Manifestations,"* by E. C. Rogers, which, so far, exhibits ability, pains-taking, and learning, and which we cheerfully commend to the notice of all persons interested in the subject.

We had intended, before this, to have added our testimony to the tributes that have been offered from so many quarters, in

behalf of that timely and wholesome work of Mr. Henry Rogers,—*The Eclipse of Faith*,—republished, a few weeks ago, by Crosby, Nichols, & Co. There is a certain joyous, healthful tone in its discussion of the perplexed topics of modern theology, which is quite delightful, and of itself inspires confidence. Faith is shown winning an easy and tranquil triumph over the discordant regiment of deniers, and naturalism is silenced out of its own mouth. So enlightened a treatment of current objections to revelation ought to be familiar to all minds busy with the problems of religion.

Reminiscences of Thought and Feeling, from the same, is one of those vital books that engage the interest of readers almost universally, by frankly laying open a personal experience, in a lively, entertaining style. Almost everybody that thinks and feels has had, sometime, the "thoughts and feelings" recorded here; but it is not one person in five hundred that can tell them so well as the author of "Visiting my Relations." For they are so told as to awaken thoughts and feelings beyond what are set down in the book; and that implies a merit beyond the mere art of composition.

Hebrew Lyrical History—from the same—is the title of a modest, but very valuable work, which we hope will be at once introduced generally into Sunday-school libraries, and the use of Sunday-school teachers, as well as of other persons who desire a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures, or can enjoy what is beautiful and sublime in poetry. It gives the Psalms, arranged in the order of the events to which they relate, according to the best translations, with explanatory remarks and notes. Much study has been bestowed upon it, with a cordial love for the subject, by the competent author, Thomas Bulfinch, Esq. It is written in a full appreciation of the new and higher interest that would accompany the reading of the Bible, if each passage were made quite intelligible, and the reader acquainted with the circumstances and allusions pertaining to it.

The Life and Labors of Philip Doddridge. By John Stoughton—*from Gould & Lincoln*—is a duodecimo volume of 222 pages, and is full of interesting matter. The personal fortunes of the great hymnist and expositor were so interwoven with the history of English dissent, that the biography of the eminent Northampton preceptor and divine becomes a treatise on Nonconformity in the first half of the last century. Mr. Stoughton engages in his task with vigor, and executes it in a style of well-sustained animation.

Huguenots in France and Austria is issued in a new and handsome edition by Munroe & Co.; one of those interesting and entertaining works by which Mrs. Lee has made her name respected in literature, and precious to thousands of homes.

The same publishers have, for the holidays, *Memoirs of a Country Doll*, by Mary Curtis, — a child's book, that will undoubtedly have a large success, attracting attention, both from the fact that it was written by a girl only eleven years old, and by its graceful contents, exactly adapted to the amusement of childhood.

Treasures of Song and Story, from Aunt Mary's Portfolio. — In the throng of books prepared for children, that make their appearance at this season, there is occasionally one which we follow into the fortunes of the market with peculiar affection, and which we would gladly lift out of the common crowd, if we could, for special attention. Such is this choice offering from "Aunt Mary." It is much to be a good "aunt;" we naturally expect more goodness than usual of an "Aunt Mary;" but when an Aunt Mary, and a chief among Aunt Marys, consents to extend her affectionate and instructive offices beyond the circle where her form is familiar, and chat and sing her quiet, pleasant wisdom to all that will gather about her and listen, there is occasion for lively rejoicing, to be sure. This collection of rhymes and stories, things affecting and funny, grave and gay, but all refining and elevating to childish natures, and many of them to older ones too, has been a long time accumulating. The selections have been made with care, from a wide range, and by an experienced hand. They have more than an ephemeral value. They furnish reading that must do much to form any young spirit into a true child of God and disciple of Jesus, as well as a happier being now. Their influence is as spiritual as their matter is entertaining. We bespeak an examination of the pages among all purchasers, believing that to examine will be to buy.

Voices from the Mountains and from the Crowd. By Charles Mackay. — Mr. Mackay is charged, to a degree unequalled among modern poets, with the veritable genius of these times. He has not merely taken their "form and pressure," but he breathes their spirit; their soul inhabits him. His intense thoughts and emotions are less his own than those of the striving multitudes about him. His words are less chosen by himself than cast upon his tongue by the suffering and the joy of his brother-men. We cannot help feeling, that probably he would not have been an *audible* poet at all if he had been born in any other age than this, when so

many social yearnings, aspirations, and endeavors have taken voice; when so many wrongs not only need to be righted, as they always have, but cry aloud to be righted; and when worth and privilege are earnestly wrestling together. Mackay is altogether, in every vein and fibre, a reformer, but not of the spiteful or bloody species, as many of the pieces in this volume show. His verse is pacific and conciliatory, while it prophesies judgment. He would rather create than ruin, — rather build than blast; rather cause a fairer order to rise under the enchantment of his song, than summon up Hecate and the furies. He sings the pure loves and longings of the people, but not their reckless passions, — “a music to the march of man.” His imagery is less sensuous than Brown-ing’s, and his discontent is less bitter than Byron’s. There is no tenderer pathos, nor more delicate perception, nor heartier relish of the world’s beauty and the soul’s wealth, than in these poems of humanity. Their spirited movement and tone of cheery confidence quicken the blood and encourage the spirits. Messrs. Ticknor, Reed, & Fields are benefactors to both the old country and the new by such republications.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of the following pamphlets:

The Strong Staff Broken, and the Beautiful Rod; a funeral discourse, by Rev. Alonzo Hill, after the death of Hon. John Waldo Lincoln; an excellent specimen in a difficult kind of preaching.

The Sailor’s Magazine; published at No. 80, Wall-street, New York.

The Christian Repository for December.

Our Puritan Fathers our Glory; a clearly and classically written sermon, breathing the true New England spirit; preached by Rev. W. I. Buddington, on the 220th anniversary of the founding of the First Church in Charlestown, of which he is pastor.

A Plea for Hayti; which forms a part of the movement lately undertaken to secure the recognition of the independence of the Haytien Government on the part of the United States, and is in itself a succinct history of Haytien affairs for the last sixty years, which we have read through, not without edification. By B. C. Clark, Esq.

The Great Lamentation; a warm and sincere eulogy on Daniel Webster; by Rev. W. A. Stearns, of Cambridgeport. Second edition.

Theodore Parker; a discourse by Rev. John T. Sargent, at the Melodeon; sketching the character of a reformer; accounting for the visible decline of Unitarianism in Boston (or ought we to say

the decline of visible Unitarianism?) by the alleged indifference of its preachers and leaders to humane reforms; vigorously condemning all timidity and time-serving in relation to these topics; and declaring the many merits of the minister of the Society to which this sermon was preached,—in terms not much qualified indeed, but, if not esteemed a grievance by Mr. Parker himself, presenting no grounds of complaint, that we can see, to anybody else.

Knowledge: its Relation to the Progress of Mankind; an address delivered by Rev. Oliver Stearns, of Hingham, in that town, at the opening of "Loring Hall," a building lately reared by the thoughtful munificence of Benjamin Loring, Esq., of this city, for the good of his native place,—an address which, after an interested perusal, we venture to say, is not to be easily surpassed for wise, strong, careful thought, or dignified and forcible expression.

Incidents of Personal Experience: in which Rev. Herman Snow gives a sincere and faithful account of what he has seen, heard, and believed, respecting the "phenomena of spirit life and action;" the facts being such as are reported now in all quarters, and the belief abundant.

The Literary Museum is a weekly paper, published in Boston, edited by Ossian E. Dodge, and seems to share largely in the entertaining qualities of its conductor.

Four documents lie before us, relating to the poor and their condition, a subject of unceasing and growing interest,—presenting a problem, in which multitudes, to whom it is really the most intensely practical of all material concerns, to say nothing of its moral claims, still seem strangely indifferent. The first of these is the *Eighth Annual Report of the Minister at Large in Lowell*, Rev. H. Wood; full of the tokens of faithful and efficient service, modestly and distinctly presented; an excellent example in a class of productions, which almost make one feel, while he reads, that the work they describe, by its palpable results and manifest benefits, is the one legitimate labor of the servants of Christ. Another is the *Ninth Annual Report of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor*,—also an intelligent and thorough presentation of the general subject, under the aspects it wears in the largest of our cities; with descriptions of several measures and experiments in operation there,—Dispensaries, Juvenile Asylum, Public Bath and Wash House, &c. &c.

The next is a circular from the office and business rooms of the *Boston Provident Association* (16, Franklin-street), giving definite information to the citizens as to the methods and workings of this important body, alluding to its recent union with the South-end Provident Association, and exhibiting its readiness for full action. F. R. Woodward, Esq., is the Secretary and General Agent. In connection with this movement, we are happy to notice the following proposal for an experiment long needed and waited for among us : —

"MODEL LODGING HOUSE.

"It is now proposed to erect a Model Lodging House, which shall be such as to secure, so far as suitable accommodations can secure, the health, the comfort, and the decency of its occupants. A house of this kind should be a remunerative one, in order that it may be shown that whatever is essential may be provided for the occupants at a rent not higher than is usually paid for bad accommodations, and with a fair return to the owners of the property.

"A plan has been prepared of a brick house, five stories high including the basement, with accommodations for thirty-six families, and twelve or more single men, together with an office, and rooms for a superintendent. The basement contains a store-room, kitchen, eating-room, and reading-room. There is a cellar for wood and coal. The plan has been carefully arranged, with the view to obtain the greatest amount of comfort consistent with proper economy of room.

"A suitable lot of land for such a house might be procured for \$10,000 or less. The house can be built for \$28,000. But, in order to be secure against any unforeseen demands for an increase in expense over the estimates, it would be desirable to raise \$40,000 for the whole work.

"Fixing the rent of the rooms at a very moderate rate, a rate lower than that often paid for inferior accommodation, it is estimated that the yearly return might be at least \$3,030.

"This, although not a brilliant return on the investment, is yet enough to remove from it the character of a gratuitous charity. If sufficient money could be obtained to erect a larger building than the one proposed, the increase in the amount of rent would be proportionately greater than the increase in cost, and there would be a larger return on the investment. The size of the building will depend on the sum subscribed by those willing to aid in furthering the project. It is hoped that such an opportunity of doing good will not be thrown away.

"S. A. ELIOT.
J. INGERSOLL BOWDITCH.
GEORGE B. EMERSON.
JOHN WARE.

"BOSTON, December, 1852."

A letter recently communicated to the "*Independent*," by one of its editors, Rev. J. P. Thompson, of New York, gives the following interesting account of the London Lodging Houses : —

"I next visited the Model Houses for families in Streatham-street, Bloomsbury, not far from the Drury Lane Theatre. I wish that I could so describe them as to give an adequate idea of their neatness and comfort, and to prompt some wealthy and generous reader to say, 'Well, the worthy poor in New York shall have just such a house.' The building surrounds three sides of a quadrangle, 70 feet by 30, which area is reserved for the purposes

of light and ventilation: it stands also upon a corner, and thus has two street fronts. Its entire front is 140 feet by 70. There is, however, but a single entrance from the street, about midway in the lesser front, which connects with the inner area, and from which a common stairway ascends to the upper stories. Around the area are open galleries supported by pillars, and into these the doors of the several houses open as into a street. There are six houses in each story upon the long side of the area, and two or three upon each of the shorter sides, in all 54. A house consists of one large room, average 12 by 16 feet in the clear, called the living room, and one or two bed-rooms of convenient size. I will describe one as a specimen of the whole. The door from the gallery opens into a little lobby or hall, four feet by ten, conducting into the living room. The hall being, in this case, at the extremity of the gallery, is lighted from the gallery, and also by a side window looking out upon the area. The living room is 17 feet by 14 in the clear, and is well lighted by a large window facing the area. This room is furnished with a range, having a good oven and a small boiler, which affords a constant supply of hot water. Adjoining the living room, and convenient to the range, is a pantry, five feet by eight, lighted from the street, upon which this side of the building faces, and fitted up with a sink supplied with hot and cold water, a dresser, closets, and a plate-rack; beyond the pantry is the private closet. And here I may observe, that in all my travels in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and indeed upon the Continent also, I do not remember to have been in a single house, public or private, great or small, in town or country, which had not every possible convenience within doors, — so far are Europeans in advance of us in the universal application of the plumber's art, especially where economy of space is an object in building. To the right of the living room is a bed-room 12 feet by 9, lighted from the area; and on the left, behind the lobby, is another of nearly the same dimensions, lighted from the street. In addition to a window, each room has a ventilator communicating with the external air, and in the larger bed-room is a fire-place. The floors and roofs are built of hollow bricks, and the entire structure is rendered nearly fire-proof.

"From the foregoing plan it will be seen that each family is as retired as if living under a separate roof. Every room in the building is lighted either from the gallery or the street, and enjoys as much of light and air as is commonly vouchsafed to fog-ridden Londoners. The area is used in common as a place for drying clothes, and as a play-ground for children. In the basement is a common laundry, furnished with furnaces and troughs, the use of which, including coals, may be had at the rate of four cents for three hours. There is also a suite of bathing-rooms upon the premises. These houses rent at from fifty cents to \$1.75 a week, according to the floor, the size of the rooms, and the general position: about \$1 a week is the average.

"This building was erected by the 'Society for Improving the Condition of the Laboring Classes,' at a cost of \$37,000, exclusive of the ground. It now pays its way. 'His Royal Highness,' Prince Albert, forward in every good work, is President of this Society; and, as a natural consequence, it is 'under the patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen.'

"Shall the merchant princes of New York, citizens of a great republic, be outdone by royalty in the care of the poor?"

NOTE. — This number of the "Monthly Religious Magazine" opens the tenth volume. Its course has been prosperous. The duties of its editor are made pleasant to him, by the good will of readers and contributors. The publisher, who alone is pecuniarily interested in the subscription-list, is willing to receive any number of new subscribers.